

YOU OUGHT TO SEE HER NOW

AS INTRODUCED BY
FLORENCE TEMPEST



By
HARRY PEASE
ED. NELSON *AND*
BOB. RUSSAK



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Moderato

ff

know a girl, a cer-tain girl, who lived down on the farm — far a-way from care and
bro-ther Tom, came in-to town, and strolled the a-ven-ue, — where a girl in lat-est

p

wor-ry, and a-way from a-ny harm to see the sights, and cit-y lights She
fash-ions said to him, "Why how-dy do," he drooped his head, and then she said, "Why

strayed a-way one day — this happened just a year a-go, and I'm right here to say.
I'm your sis-ter May" — when he got back home to the farm, the old folks heard him say.

Chorus

p-mf

She used to be a coun-try maid-en, but you ought to see her now — She used to
She had a voice so mild and ten-der, but you ought to hear her now — She would-n't
She used to be so meek and mod-est, but you ought to see her now — She would-n't

THIS
NUMBER
can
be had
for your

Phonograph
or your
Player Piano

be so shy and bash-ful but you ought to see her now — She was as plain as she could
ev-en say "gosh darn it" but you ought to hear her now — She'd go to bed when shad-ows
ev-en show her ank-le but you ought to see her now — To cook the meals she used to

be — She nev-er had no jew-el-ry but now oh, now She's got as
fall — And get up when the roos-ters call but now oh, now She nev-er
dread — She'd soon-er milk the cows in-stead but now oh, now She has her

much as Tiff-an-y, She used to be so sweet and sim-ple, but you ought to see her
goes to bed at all, She nev-er heard of paint and pow-der, but you ought to see her
meals brought to her bed Her hat was trimmed with chic-ken feathers, but you ought to see her

now — the clothes she wore were so old-fashion-ed, but you ought to see her now — Last sum-mer
now — the blush-es on her cheeks were nat-ral, but you ought to see them now — Her hair it
now — she used to wear red wool-en stock-ings, but you ought to see her now — She was - n't

while down at the sea-side sand, she let a rich old lob-ster hold her hand and now she's got that
was the col-or of the sun, but now the col-or's changed to more than one, the drug stores put it
ver-y stout she was-n't lean, she had a form the worst I've ev-er seen, but now, well you know

lob-ster canned oh, you ought to see her now — She used to now.
on the bum oh, you ought to see her now — She had a now.
what I mean oh, you ought to see her now — She used to now.

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N1



N1

You Ask For It
Everybody Likes It
You Will Buy It

I'M A DREAMER (That's Chasing Bubbles)

Words by
GEORGE A. LITTLE
CHORUS

Music by
FRANK MAGINE

Valse lento molto espressivo

I'm a dream - er that's chas - ing Bub - bles, And the world knows that

I'm in love, I have wand - ered a - long still I drift a -

lone While I look at the sky a - bove, And I beg ev - ry

star just to guide me Where each one in love should go. But I,

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N1



N1